

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



OMINOUS RECEPTION OF HIS SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW BY OLD MR. FERROL.

THE FERROL FAMILY;
OR, "KEEPING UP APPEARANCES."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GOLDEN HILLS."

CHAPTER VII.—SETTING UP IN LIFE.

The happy pair had departed; and the inhabitants of Castle Loftus were experiencing that collapse of feeling which invariably succeeds festive excitement. The plate and diamonds which had played a part in

the pageant, were packing up by the man who had come down in charge of those valuables: the gray-haired retainers were to vanish by the coach in the morning: the carriage-horses were immediately to be restored to their pristine employment of drawing home the harvest. Piece by piece was the scenery taken down; and Mrs. Ferrol, lately the anguished mother, stood on the bare stage with perfectly dry eyes, looking fixedly into the future.

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E

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Like the baseless fabric of a vision had melted away the gaieties of the London season, the pretty house in May Fair, the faultless carriage and liveries, the page in green velvet: evanescent as the glitter of a rocket, and leaving nought behind but certain unsightly liabilities. After months of lavish expenditure, which the parsimony of years could not cover; after months of inconceivable labour in upholding the appearance of wealth and fashion, with literally no foundation of means; she had gained her aim—a great match for Mildred. Was it worth the endless trouble, the meanness, the falsity, the humiliation it had cost? Mrs. Ferrol's conscience was at least in a gratified state. "I have done my duty by my child, and am entitled to her perpetual gratitude; my self-denial has not shrunk from painful embarrassments for her sake." In such complacencies the lady wrapped herself comfortably, while devising a score plans for extrication from the meshes of debt which environed her.

"Sir Hugh, you must be more stringent with your tenants; it is absurd to listen to the never-ending excuses which Irishmen have always ready for not paying their rents," was one of her spoken reflections. "Scroogem should get a hint to look sharp. What is the meaning of those three townlands on the Killbaggin estate paying nothing? Take care that the rogues are not feathering their nests for America."

"Scroogem assures me that they are miserably poor," said Sir Hugh, looking up from papers. "See, there is his last letter."

"I would disstrain, if I were you," said the soft-hearted lady. "It is rather worse, I think, that you should be a beggar, than they."

"Hope there's no fear of that, my dear Selina," he said, good-humouredly; "though this summer's expenses have certainly proved heavy. I am just now telling Scroogem that I must have money, however it is raised. But for the confused intricacy of title, I might sell a slice or two; and people are so shy of lending on Irish landed security, that it is impossible to borrow a farthing."

With his usually open brow uneasily contracted, he resumed and completed his letter; the result of which was, that the agent did put on the screw, raising the valuations of the farms in many places, exacting large fines for renewal of leases, and evicting divers families: and so the falsehood of the Ferrols' life in London reacted towards those poor peasants, in distress and ruin.

Horace was sitting by, during the above colloquy; waiting, indeed, for an opportunity to introduce the subject of his own exigencies. For this young officer was, as usual, "hard up," and, when coming over to Mildred's wedding, had a faint hope that his uncle might enable him to liquidate one or two accommodation bills, which were floating about the money-lending world with his name attached, and monthly swelling in dimensions, after the nature of such paper. His countenance was not brightened by the conversation he had overheard; and with a muttered exclamation he left the room, going on the terrace in front of the windows to look for his brother Hugh, who was smoking a cigar tranquilly as he walked up and down in the evening

light: a clever-looking young man, with deep-set eyes and decisive lips.

"'Twould be better to be a footboy, I vow, than an officer in her Majesty's service!" was his irritated exclamation, as he joined him. "I'll throw off the red coat some day—see if I don't—and go to the backwoods of Canada."

"What! and you have acquired a millionaire brother-in-law this morning?" the other rejoined, with a slight sarcasm in his tone. "Why, man, all our fortunes are made for life by that alliance!"

"I wish I could dispose of my share of the fortune for a hundred pounds," answered Horace, gloomily, as he kicked the pebbles before him. "How likely Mr. Euston Ferrol is to relax his purse-strings for my sake! I'll have to exchange to the colonies, Hugh, with my lieutenantcy within my grasp."

Then followed a detail of embarrassments, accumulating monthly; of total inadequacy of means to meet the expense of keeping up an appearance, like the other officers; of wounded pride, of recklessness, nay, of possible disgrace. How the young ensign's cheek burned with shame as he repeated the threat of an angry creditor—to report him to the colonel of his corps, or to the Horse Guards, if his claims were not satisfied before a date now rapidly approaching.

"I know that it is mainly my abominable pride, which will not brook that the other fellows should perceive my narrow circumstances; and you know ours is a crack corps, and we do things twice as dashing as others; but I have made a vow that when I get my lieutenantcy, and am clear of these hateful debts, I'll turn over a new leaf, exchange into an Indian regiment, where they have double pay, and leave off all my extravagant practices for evermore. If only this incubus were removed! Oh Hugh, you don't know how horrible it is to lie down with debt smothering every thought, and dream of spunging-houses and all sorts of horrors, and wake again with the same dead weight upon one's spirits and life: it is fearful!"

He flung out his clenched hand vehemently.

"I did feel a little of that at the university," replied Hugh, after a pause: "but then, we medical students have a way of getting over such disabilities, for we're not expected to keep up any appearance, except clean linen. I am sorry for what you tell me: I wish I was able to help you effectually; but we must only do the best we can." He sat down on a bench at the end of the terrace, and took out a pocket-book. "I earn a little money sometimes for writing medical articles, and other odd jobs; I'll give you the half of what I have; there's a ten and a five, and I only wish it was a great deal more."

Horace wrung his hand, while the tears started to his eyes. "It is mean of me to take it," he said; "but it may stop the mouth of that clamorous mess-man a while longer; and if I am ever able to repay it, Hugh—"

"Send it by a bank-order to-morrow, and don't mind being grateful: it is a very unfashionable failing now-a-days."

They took some turns in silence. Opportune as this help was, it met but a tithe of Horace's debts. "You certainly should confide in Sir Hugh any embarrassment of such a serious nature," counselled his brother. "Probably he will not be severe upon you."

"Now, to change the subject, would you like to hear something of my plans? My mother wants me, since I have become an M.D., to take a house in London, and begin practice there: I came out this evening purposely to think over the advice."

"Enormously expensive," suggested prudent Horace.

"Yes; but London is the place for the development of talent—the only place for a young man to commence his climbing of the ladder to fortune and to fame," was the reply. It was not difficult to divine which way Doctor Hugh's inclinations tended. "I am rather a favourite with Sir Lancet Pyke, the distinguished court physician; his influence might get me the visiting surgeoncy of some hospital, to begin with."

Hugh's face coloured slightly, under his brother's eyes; who merely uttered a whistle.

"As his niece Agatha's dowry, perchance? You need not blush so furiously, Hugh: we all know that a physician must needs be a married man; 'tis as essential as his lancet. She is a pretty little girl, though unfortunately there are seven of them—"

"I don't intend to marry the entire family," asserted Hugh.

"Then you do intend to marry the charming unit? I congratulate you, and wish you the practice and reputation of Sir Astley Cooper!"

"What I fear," said Hugh, after some further badinage, "is that my mother, with her ideas of the prodigious importance of appearances, will want me to set out in a style quite beyond my income. I would not underrate any influence that could conduce to final success; but still, the risk is very great, and the chances of failure preponderate. I don't wish to stake my all upon one throw, like a desperate gambler; I want to leave myself a chance of retrieval even should I fail; and failure would be ruin, utter ruin, if I allow my character to get the least involved, by undertaking expenses which I have no reasonable prospect of being able to discharge."

The cigar had grown so cold during this long speech, that Hugh flung it away among the bushes.

"But a clever fellow like you," said his brother—who had a very sincere belief in Hugh's abilities—"one who has already done so much as a student, and is favourably known to the masters of your profession—why, you must get on: there cannot be a doubt of your success. Did not all the celebrated surgeons begin upon nothing? John Hunter, that bear Abernethy—"

"Your brother is not to be named with geniuses, Horace," interrupted Hugh, shaking his head; "and I must not encumber myself at the outset of my career, seeing I have not the limbs of an athlete."

Another silence: and Hugh spoke, hesitatingly.

"If Agatha is of my mind—and I trust we shall agree in this as in all other things—we will live at

first in some small house in a back street, and as we prosper, so arrange our expenses."

When he communicated the result of his cogitations to Mrs. Ferrol, she had much to say against it. Hugh should remember that, to get into fashionable practice, he must make a fashionable appearance: few would employ a physician resident in a shabby locality, and have faith in those medical abilities which were not guaranteed by bringing wealth to their possessor. The young surgeon's knowledge of the world corroborated these remarks: it was undeniable that a handsome carriage and a handsome residence were, to most people, conclusive in a physician's favour, because seeming to indicate abundance of fees flowing from trust reposed in him by a multitude of patients. Still, he thought it would be better to set up in a modest way, and perhaps, after a year or so, step forward into public view, as if pushed higher by force of irresistible merit.

Something in the latter idea recommended it to Mrs. Ferrol's innate love of what children call "make-believe," and we of a larger growth denominate "sham:" and she assented to the proposition, when placed in this light. But Hugh had difficulties from another quarter: Mrs. Carnaby Pyke could not endure that one of her daughters should enter married life in a style so much inferior to what they had known in their father's house.

How many young hearts, formed to love and cherish one another in the most sacred of all human ties, have been forced asunder by considerations like these, and have shrunk into solitary existences, bearing burdens difficultly alone, which had been light if mutually shared! how many of the unloving marriages which leaven society with a ferment of wretchedness have by the same means been cruelly compelled! "Appearance" is the world's Moloch; and most men and women pass through the fire to it, willingly.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE BELGRAVIAN HOME.

IN a large, handsome apartment, commanding a good view of the Park, with its pleasant green expanses and clustering trees, an old gentleman was seated beside one of the windows. His lustreless eye roved over the prospect, apparently noting nothing of the beauty spread before him; and the nerveless white hands, every muscle and vein distinct under the shrunken skin, lay on his knees, listlessly. His hair is thinner and whiter since we saw him last—of that withered bleached hue, which differs as much from the "glorious" hoary head of healthful age, as doth the fruit decayed at core from the ripe richness of perfect maturity. The once firm lines of his mouth have been touched with some helpless indecision: over his whole figure was an air of wavering and weakness. He was disposed to be fretful this evening.

"Has Mr. Euston returned yet?" he inquired often, in his indistinct utterance. "He ought not to be absent so long, when he knows that I am still unable to attend to business. As I soon shall be; did not Doctor Proby say so?"

The servant made some guarded answer.

"Before November, I hope. What month is this, Brooks? I fear my memory is not so good as it used to be; but nobody is growing younger. I never could recollect dates well. When I am at the banking-house again—in November—Mr. Euston may take his holidays. But young men have no forethought—none whatever."

The last sentence was muttered as if to himself: the helpless anxiousness upon the feeble face deepened.

"Brooks, give me my stick: I shall walk up and down a little." With the help of the man's shoulder and a stout cane, he was able to accomplish two or three turns.

"I think I walk better than I did yesterday:" his eyes examining the attendant's face for assent or the contrary. "I think I *am* better."

"Well, perhaps so, sir; you must be best judge yourself; and, while your appetite is good——"

"Ah, yes," said his master, brightening at mention of the one enjoyment of his faded existence: "Francoz is an excellent *chef*; his dishes would do credit to Ude himself. A carriage has stopped at the door, Brooks; perhaps Mr. Euston is come."

When he was long in making his appearance, the old man grew chafed, and Brooks soothed him; for Brooks knew that this would be no ordinary interview: he stood a little behind his master's chair, as the bride and bridegroom entered.

With the same look that she had worn at the wedding breakfast, the same cold proud beauty, she went forward to the greeting of her husband's father, and bore his scrutiny. He pushed aside his son's extended hand, gazing at the stranger.

"Who—who is this?"

"My wife, father—Mildred Ferrol."

Still he gazed searchingly at her, as if he were concentrating his scattered rays of intelligence into one focus of remembrance, and it bewildered him.

"Speak to him," said her husband.

With a womanly impulse of pity and protection towards the eternal claim of age upon youth, she took his hand in hers, saying gently, "Will you not welcome your daughter, sir?"

The old man turned away his face, and wept. Crouched over the arm of his chair, his hands concealed the pitiable tears: they were confounded at this ominous greeting on the threshold of their married life.

"He is nervous," whispered Euston; "unaccustomed of late to see strangers:" thus he would have apologized to his wife. But the old man sobbed out:—

"Oh, Euston, I warned you. I told you it would be ruin—ruin. I told you that marrying without money would be ruin. I warned you. My poor boy—my son."

"Go away, Mildred; my father is not well," said Euston, his own face whitening now. "Brooks, open the door for Mrs. Ferrol, and remain in the ante-room till called."

Brooks did not fail to endeavour to improve his uninteresting sojourn in the ante-chamber by applying eye and ear successively to the keyhole;

but his reward for his pains was trifling, as they sat in a window beyond his ken, and his astute young master took care that their words should be inaudible.

Since the illness that had stricken him, the old man feared his son with the dread which the weak-minded entertain of the strong and unscrupulous. When left alone, under the gaze of those stern bent brows, he cowered like a beaten hound.

"I did not mean anything, Euston; I am not what I used to be; I often say what I don't intend," was his apology, as his hands vacillated feebly over his knees. "She must not mind me."

"You gave her but a sorry welcome home," his son said. "I hoped you had been getting stronger, sir."

"I'll not do it again, Euston," he said eagerly, grasping at his son's coat. "I'll not frighten her again; but, indeed, Eustie," he added, recalling an abbreviation from the childish days, "you wanted money, and the firm wanted money, and I told it to you. I am better; Dr. Proby says I may be strong enough by the close of the year, perhaps."

Euston did not think much of the likelihood when he looked at the decayed figure of the old man, who had apparently forgotten the subject in hand, being diverted by mention of his own health.

"Meantime," resumed his son, "it would be wiser if you, sir, would refrain from any allusion to circumstances connected with the secret history of our firm; and, for your own sake, think of its affairs as little as possible. Your nervousness augments the danger indefinitely, and most unpleasant consequences might ensue from an unguarded expression of yours."

"I see; yes, I'll remember that, Euston. I'll be silent about it, from this time, until I am well: in November, Dr. Proby says."

And the son left him sitting by the window in the fading light, soothing himself by repeating this softly.

Mildred's new home was a fine one. But to-night, though entering on her rule, she did not look upon the splendour which was henceforth hers with the complacency she had imagined. Perhaps she was dispirited by Mr. Ferrol's mournful reception; perhaps she was haunted by that undefined loneliness and longing, which any great change in our lives—even though it be an advance and aggrandisement—calls forth involuntarily among the feelings. She wandered through the superb drawing-rooms, chilled and pensive; finally sat down upon a couch of Utrecht velvet, and, without remembering the words, felt the sense of that inspired sentence—"What good is there to the owners thereof, save the beholding of it with their eyes?"

Somebody touched her.

"O, dear Hugh, dear Hugh! I am so glad to see you!" She wrung his hands, and clung to him as if they had not met for years. He was surprised at her demonstrativeness—Mildred, ordinarily so cold, and whom he had looked to find changed by affluence.

"Ah, Hugh, the sight of a home face! The dear old times!"

Which old times, we may remark, she had not at all loved in passing; but now, because they were gone and distant, and the present so widely different, their hard features, distasteful near at hand, were softened by a halo of remembrance.

"And how did you like Paris, Mildred?"

"Oh, very well; it was tiresome enough sometimes. I am glad to be settled at home."

She spoke with a wearied air; the ennui of fashion seemed already to envelope her in its poisoned robe.

"You have a fine house here, my sister," said Hugh, after a pause. "How beautiful is the arrangement of colours in this room!"

It was panelled in rose damask, relieved with dull silvered mouldings.

"A fancy of mine," said Mildred. "But tell me, Hugh—you know I have a deep interest in matters matrimonial—tell me something about Agatha."

"There is hope of a softening," he said; "Mrs. Carnaby seems inclined to bate terms somewhat; and we have a staunch ally in Sir Lancett Pyke, the magnate of the family."

"We were glad to read of your appointment to the — hospital; that's a stepping-stone to fortune, Hugh."

"Yes; if I am allowed to work my way on, and am not required, being an insignificant frog, to inflate myself as large as an ox," he replied.

"Your appearance ought to be suitable to your connexions, Hugh," said his sister. At which he laughed, and answered, "Certainly!" in a manner slightly disconcerting.

"Where do you intend to live?"

"That's one of the points at issue between Mrs. Carnaby and me. I cannot afford the expense of a fashionable residence, and she says that a daughter of hers shall live in no other. I have not got over that difficulty yet," he said, with rather a sad smile. "They have yielded the carriage question at present."

Here entered Mr. Euston Ferrol: Mildred stopped short abruptly.

"Were you reading poetry?" he asked, in an insinuating yet disagreeable tone. "Pray do not let me interrupt you." She answered nothing, by word or look.

"Clouds already," thought Hugh, and then diverged into a lover-like reflection upon the wild improbability that he should ever speak to Agatha and be met with a sullen countenance; or that there could exist any subject on which they would not have the fullest mutual sympathy. We may here state that the glamour of this delusion survived his marriage about three months.

But the train of thought into which he had fallen made him such dull company, that he shortly took his leave, and carried his sweet mirage of feeling out into the congenial moonlight.

"Your family are exceedingly early in paying their devours," said her husband, standing on the hearth-rug. He had been chafed up-stairs, and neither felt nor looked amiable.

"I was very glad to see Hugh," she remarked simply, hardly noting the manner of Euston's speech, for her thoughts were otherwise engaged.

"Of course; and I have no doubt but he was also charmed to see *you*." The implied reflection on her brother's disinterestedness she would not notice.

"I suppose he has the family mania for living beyond his means," continued her husband. "He had better not count on help from me under any circumstances. If there be one thing I despise more than another, it is the meanness of a false appearance."

She knew that he was ill-humoured, and wisely refrained from reply; but by and by, when he seemed rather ashamed of the ebullition, she repaid him with a manner most repellent. He fell asleep on the sofa after tea; Mildred looked abroad upon the silver glory flooding all the heavens, and, with a shrug of her shoulders, pronounced it "dismal;" tried to read a book, but could not fix her attention. Gazing at the fire was her final resource. She saw a variety of things there, as do all idlers. Thus passed her first evening in her splendid home.

And from such evenings she rushed into the dissipation of fashion. Perpetual excitement might fill the void in her nature. But throughout that vast Hall of Eblis, called "the gay world," she found beneath every robe the burning heart; and her own was no exception. What matter, so long as the robe was jewelled?

FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.

II. EDUCATED WORKWOMEN.

"SHALL women work or not in other than domestic employments?" This question being now summarily answered by the imperious, "They must!" words need not be wasted, nor elaborate arguments urged, in opposition to ascertained facts.

At present, about three-fourths of our single women, two-thirds of our widowed, and one-seventh of our married women, are thrown upon their own resources for a livelihood, besides those who assist in the occupations of their male relatives. It is no less well known that there is an increasing surplus of nearly a million of women in the country over the other sex, who, unless as emigrants, have thus no chance of being married. To insist, therefore, that these women should employ themselves exclusively in home duties, would be as wise as to expect bread to be made from stones; for unless homes are provided for them, the performance of such duties becomes simply impossible, however great may be the anxiety and eager wish to find an opportunity of so doing. These facts are briefly stated, that the reader may know how this matter really stands, as facts are one thing and vague assertions another. Unless these homeless ones are permitted to work in other occupations than household, they must either be handed over to charity, or they must starve. Work, however, they will soon find, now when the public acknowledges the difficulty of their position, and casts

away that sentimental tinsel with which the subject has been too often overlaid.

Another grave fact bearing on the employment of women, is the excess of luxury—an excess which makes the household expenses so far beyond what they used to be in the olden times. A man, with all the will in the world, cannot now maintain the female members of his family in a style commensurate with what he considers his own or their position in society. It has even been hinted that he finds his better half at times a burthen almost too heavy for his purse to bear, with her immeasurable yards of silk, velvet, lace, and embroidery. Then matters become worse, when little sons must have their rich tunics and feathers, and little daughters an equal amount of finery and ornamentation; and how, then, is it to be expected that any portion of income can be left to bestow on aunts or cousins?—those tiresome creatures! Of course, out of £400 or £500 per annum, no one looks for generosity; consequently, aunts and poor cousins are now-a-days launched on the troubled waters of society without rudder or oars, to drift as best they may towards some haven of shelter, long sought for, and alas! seldom found.

Again, when the young daughters grow tall, and blossom into womanhood, what are *they* to do, should husbands not be forthcoming? On the supposition that their father's income dies with him, which is frequently the case, and that no provision has been made for them, they in turn become the homeless "poor cousins," unacknowledged, it may be, by the wealthier branches of their house; and so on it goes. We shall not ask the reader to tread the weary circle, but remind him that, as the greater ever includes the lesser, so, many minor facts, to which allusion shall be made hereafter, must of necessity be involved in the twin statements just made; namely, the greater number of women, and the difficulty men find, in the middle ranks of life, of securing a provision for the female members of their families.

It is this difficulty, felt almost universally in the class mentioned, that is giving rise to various new plans and projects; or rather, it should be said, by returning to simpler and less complex social arrangements. Our ancestresses worked more than women of the like rank do now, neither were they ashamed to be known as workers. Indeed, they had an honest pride in being considered good bakers, good brewers, good spinners, and sometimes weavers. Machinery has changed the working men, and in like manner altered the need of women's working in manifold ways, too varied to enumerate; therefore, it stands to reason that women must be provided with different kinds of occupation if they are to work at all.

Exertions are now being made by many of the able and kind-hearted of both sexes to ameliorate this evil of non-occupation—an evil which daily augments—and to find out new sources of employment for women, alike demanded by the exigencies and changes of the times.

So much has been said about the miseries and hardships of governesses, that we shall only allude to that fact in connection with improved prospects. Numbers who swell the list of daily or yearly

teachers in private will doubtless, with the anticipated new openings for remunerative labour, gladly avail themselves of becoming mistresses of public schools, as is now contemplated, by raising the salaries, in order to obtain the services of better educated women than those who at present act in these capacities. In a brief space of time training schools, workshops, and other fields of labour will be in full operation for the instruction of girls; other branches of arts and of manufactures will likewise be added as the sphere of labour widens. It is to be hoped that when the employment of women becomes more general, which, from the efforts now being made, appears to be likely, and girls are made to understand at an early age that upon the work of their head and hands depends much of their future welfare, we shall no longer hear, as at present, of their deficiency in habits of order or of patience, more than of their want of skill.

It is possible that days may come when all of us shall be enabled to enjoy a greater leisure than now, a greater exemption from toil, which shall admit of more attention to higher interests than is to be attained at present, when it may be said that the rich are underworked, and the poor are overworked. Meanwhile, it is certain that if some classes of women suffer through overwork, ill-paid work, and want of work, there are those of other classes who suffer, though in another way, from the indolence and *ennui* engendered by doing no work at all. Women thus fall short of the measure and proportion of bodily and mental strength allotted them by nature.

To work well and to work willingly, women must regard work, not as a hard necessity or as a temporary pursuit, easily to be followed and as easily departed from, but as one which cannot fail to be of advantage to them in every condition of life. It were a great gain to the cause of the employment of women, were it accepted as a truth that, to bring up women properly to be single, is also to bring them up best fitted for marriage.

As to any moral objections urged against women working more than we have been accustomed to see them do, we consider them as futile as those urged under the apprehension that work is calculated to injure their refinement, or destroy their sympathies. An assurance of independence and a cheerful activity are, on the contrary, more likely to keep both lively; as we are every day made painfully aware that poverty, and its natural attendant, discontent, rapidly encourage rudeness and harden all good feeling. The sad effects of destitution or idleness upon the more numerous and less educated classes of women are too well known to require comment.

It has been suggested that provision by life insurance should be made by fathers for their daughters. However admirable such a plan of providing for the unmarried may be, or however likely to attain a greater popularity than it has yet reached, few fathers, it is apprehended, will be very ready to realize as a fact that their daughters shall prove exceptions to the rest of the sex. Were it at once accepted as a principle that every individual of the community at large ought to work, either with

head or hands, in some fashion or other, since religion and morality, as well as physical law, require work as a duty, obstacles would disappear. And were it likewise accepted as a truth that thus to work is honourable in either sex, whilst idleness is a reproach, the dread of loss of caste could no longer be held up as a bugbear, but, like other phantoms, it would recede as approached, or vanish when the attempt was made to grapple with it.

It may be somewhat wounding to male vanity to hint at another small fact, a fact, nevertheless, as real, and leading likewise to as much unhappiness as the others just quoted. We mean the fact that marriage is too often regarded as "a refuge for the destitute;" that hundreds of women marry simply, and without disguise, for an establishment, the happy husband being merely a something that *must* be accepted along with the house and furniture. The results of such bargain-making are obvious, and require no illustrations from us. Had women a sufficiency assured them, they would marry from higher motives and purer feelings, and thus many elements of discord would be for ever banished from the domestic sphere.

Having thus reached the culminating point, that it were well for women to work, we reserve for another paper some of the proposed kinds of employment suggested.

"OLD GIB."

WHAT can be more beautiful and striking than the prospect before us as we approach the stern old rock of Gibraltar this fine summer morning, homeward-bound from the East! At first the lofty lands over our steamer's prow look like threatening clouds of some impending tempest; and towering above them, darker and more threatening than the rest, stands the grim and silent sentinel of the Mediterranean. "Old Gib," as our soldiers and sailors familiarly call him, is silent, luckily for ourselves and all others within cannon-shot range; for, were the sleeping monster roused, his bellowings would waken up fearful echoes far into the lands of the Moor and the Spaniard, and from its hundreds of mouths would be belched forth flames, destruction, and death.

As we draw nearer "the gut," or strait, things assume a more defined shape; the hills and the lowlands are verdure-clad, and dotted here and there with white spots which represent towns, villages, or country houses. On the African side, the distance only enables us to see the lofty land looming through the haze of heat, and what we see of Gibraltar from this side has nothing enticing. Rising abruptly from the water's edge, the well-laved rocks that girt its base glitter like brilliants in the sun, but above it seems barren desolation, and apparently, save for the sea gull or the cormorant, untenable and uninhabitable. On the very summit of the rock there is, however, something that looks like a broomstick with a rag on the top of it. A telescope deciphers that rag to be "the flag that has braved, for a thousand years, the battle and the breeze."

As we approach Europa Point, the aspect of affairs changes for the better momentarily. A sensible lighthouse, with a body-guard of batteries, gives us some faint conception of what may be expected on closer intimacy. And we pass so close to this point that we can distinctly hear the English voices of some little boys, (the children of the soldiers in garrison,) who, bare-headed and with trousers tucked up to the knees, are lolling over the bastion and angling for any sport that may be lured by their bait. I am positive I could pitch a ship's biscuit right amongst these young disciples of Walton.

Rounding Europa Point, the strength and the beauty of the place bursts as if by magic upon us; and when we anchor, which we do, rather outside most of the shipping, which floats further down the bay, apart from the unexpected appearances of a really pretty-looking town, with charming villas and gardens, houses scattered here and there and clothing the abrupt sides of the hill from the water's edge to the very summit, we become for the first time aware that the apparently solid rock is but an impregnable hornet's nest, bristling from top to bottom with cannon, and prepared at any given moment to salute a foe, from any quarter, with such an iron shower as never yet a fleet encountered. Yes, depend upon it, if ever Gibraltar be lost, it will be the work of traitors within; and this was once nearly the case, through the harshness and inefficiency of one of the governors.

The formalities of the Quarantine Office having been satisfactorily completed, we will, if you please, jump into one of the boats alongside, and, having landed, make acquaintance with the "salamanders and scorpions," (as those born on the Rock are called,) and see what can be seen in the brief space permitted us to remain. We have no sooner set foot ashore than we are beset, tormented, hustled, and stupified by "touters," clamorous and landatory on behalf of their various employers. "Club House Hotel? fine large rooms!" "No, sir, Griffiths' best in Gibraltar—*table d'hôte*, sir, cheap!" "Dumoulin's French Hotel—excellent beeftek." "Fonda d'Europa—cheap and airy!" "Parker's Hotel, Calle Real!" "Hi, sir, you; ho, you officesar—my card, sir; you keep him, my card!" Amidst the contending parties, we are conveyed, *sans ceremonie*, into the very heart of the town, till, overcome with heat and fatigue, we flee for refuge into the first hotel we chance to pass. Lolling here by a window that commands a splendid prospect of the bay, a welcome puff of cool breeze from the Atlantic, and a glass of India pale ale, restore us to something like comfort and enjoyment. It is too hot, however, to venture out sight-seeing yet, so we sit and muse, and call to mind as much of the Rock's history as makes the heart of any Briton throb proudly, and foreigners unwillingly confess that Britannia rules the waves.

On July 24th, 1704, during the War of Succession, Gibraltar was captured by Sir George Rooke, who, unexpectedly attacking it, found only eighty men garrisoning the place; and these, we are told, instead of offering any resistance, fell down upon their knees before shrines and relics which then abounded

on the Rock. Sailors spin a yarn about the Rock being captured by Jack tars climbing up a rope thrown across by means of a kite flown. Stronger ropes and chains were then hoisted, by which the tars took up themselves and a cask of rum, which they drank on the summit. Jack's account of the capture, we suspect, is especially intended "for the Marines."

Gibraltar was well known to the ancients, but was never inhabited, unless indeed by the ancestors of the "Town Major," as the commander of the apes is familiarly termed at Gibraltar. And, *à propos* of this matter, having indulged the reader with a fo'castle yarn, I must in justice give way for a barrack one, if only to satisfy the Marines. Many years ago, one of these apes was captured young and brought up in strict discipline—in fact, under martial law. He wore the uniform and performed the duties of a foot sentinel. More than this, he drew his pay, and knew to a nicety what amount he had to receive. Further, he transacted all his marketing business himself, purchasing fruit and bread, upon which he subsisted, and laying down the precise sum their valuation rose to. Where he banked the surplus cash has never been ascertained; but he must have saved a fair amount of money during his honourable career, because he had neither lodgings, rent, nor furniture to pay for. He had, in fact, been educated in a free and easy style amongst the monkeys of "Gib," who live cool and comfortable on the sea-blown cliff, (whilst the garrison and the rest of the population are stewing in pent-up houses and narrow streets,) and are seldom visible to any one, except when severe gales cause them to go to the sheltered side of the Rock. Their appearance and disappearance has led to another "yarn," to wit, that there is a submarine natural tunnel to the African coast.

The ancient history of the Rock is a dim cloud of legend, from the days of Hercules down to the Berber conqueror Tarik, who took it A.D. 711. It is still known to the Moors by the unabbreviated name of Gebel Tarik, or Tarik's Mountain. In 1309, Guzman el Bueno took it from the Moors; but they regained it in 1333, owing to the avaricious and dishonest conduct of the then governor, Vasco Perez de Meyra, who appropriated to private purposes moneys destined for its defences. In 1462, another Guzman finally recovered it, and in 1502, it was incorporated with the Spanish crown. The place was strengthened and fortified by Charles v, in 1552. Cromwell well appreciated the value of such a possession; but even after its capture by Rooke, George I would have given it up at the peace of Utrecht, and the nation thought it an insignificant fort and a useless charge. It was again offered to Spain, if she would refuse to sell Florida to Buonaparte. Mr. Ford, in his "Hand-book of Spain," very happily remarks that "what its real nature is, as regards Spain, will be understood by supposing Portland Island to be in the hands of an enemy. It is a bridle in the mouth of Spain and Barbary. It speaks a language of power, which alone is understood by those cognate nations. The Spaniards never knew the value of this natural fortress until its loss, which wounds their national

pride, and led Buonaparte, when he found he could not take it, to say that while it opened nothing and shut nothing, our possession of Gibraltar secured for France Spain's hatred of England. Yet Gibraltar, in the hands of England, is a safeguard that Spain never can become quite a French province, or the Mediterranean a French lake. Hence the Bourbons, north of the Pyrenees, have urged their poor kinsmen-tools to make gigantic efforts to pluck out this thorn in their path."

There is no better school in the world for a young officer than the garrison of Gibraltar, which is excessively strict, the fortress being always on a war footing. For this reason, the gates are shut at sunset, and never opened till sunrise, and civilians used to be obliged, after midnight, to carry lanterns; neither is any one allowed out after midnight, except officers, and those passed by them. Foreigners are excluded from residing on the Rock, without some consul or householder becoming surety for their conduct. All these precautions are indispensable to prevent treason, and in dealing with surrounding nations, who are not over particular about their *parole d'honneur*. Permits to reside are granted for ten, fifteen, or twenty days, and military officers have the privilege of introducing a friend for as many as thirty days; consequently, as our time is limited, and the great heat over for the day, we get a guide, and, settling our small bill, sally forth to gratify curiosity. In making this payment, we discover the fraudulent system which exists with regard to the currency system, which is a terrible confusion between English, Spanish, and half-bred local coins, so that the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself would go demented if he had many dealings with the "salamanders and scorpions."

The finest sight for a civilian, and the first we visit at Gibraltar, is the garrison library, planned by Colonel Drinkwater in 1793, and completed by Mr. Pitt, at public expense. Besides newspapers and periodicals, we have here a well-selected collection of some 20,000 volumes. It commands a magnificent view of the bay and Africa.

Issuing forth from the library, we are soon swallowed up in the vortex of varied costumes and dialects. Little Snookeyeak the grocer, from Clerkenwell, (the red bristles on whose upper lip are obstinate, and *won't* create a moustache,) is perfectly bewildered by sights and sounds around him. The dirty-looking date merchant from Timbuctoo, seated in unpleasant proximity to him, positively smells of the sun (with a sprinkling of garlic), and is decidedly tropical—in costume, face, complexion, manners, cleanliness, and dialect. But we must not be hard upon the Seid, or his sand-stained beard; amongst a dirty population of migratory foreigners, the Jews decidedly carry off the palm—as they do in all eastern countries.

With very few exceptions, the streets of Gibraltar are abominably close and narrow, and the houses exquisitely unwholesome; they are, in short, a hot-bed of disease and vermin, and this state of affairs surely might be remedied. With the refraction of a fiery sun upon a blazing rock, and no thoroughfare for heaven's congenial breezes; with loathsome



GIBRALTAR ROCK, AS SEEN ON ENTERING THE STRAITS FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

gases, bottled up as it were all around you; there is nothing to be surprised at when we hear that Gibraltar has its own particular fever—a fatal one, and one that baffles the best medical skill.

The Main or Waterport Street is full of shops and taverns, every door surmounted by lions and Britannias. Bomb House Lane and Horse Barrack Lane are miserable affairs. The principal square is the Commercial; and here are situated all the best hotels and the Public Exchange, which is decorated with a bust of General Don—perhaps the best governor and greatest benefactor of the Rock. Hereabouts we have a chance of encountering many of the females, whose out-o'-door costume is peculiar, being a red cloak and hood edged with black velvet. The women are decidedly pretty.

But now for what really constitutes the intrinsic worth of this one key to the Mediterranean. Beginning at the Land Port, we walk to the head of the Devil's Tongue Battery; visit the Fish Market, with a capital assortment of the finny tribe; then follow the Sea or Line Wall to the King's Bastion, close to the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Bishop Tomlinson's Church, where repose the remains of General Don, "the Augustus of the Rock," which he strengthened and embellished. On this King's Bastion stood our gallant Elliott, when, upon the 13th September, 1783, Monsieur d'Arçon's invincible floating batteries (after a four years' siege by France and Spain) were brought into play. According to

his theory, they could neither be burnt, sunk, nor taken—all which feats, however, a few Englishmen speedily accomplished, and Charles X, then Comte d'Artois, who had posted down from Paris to have glory thrust upon him, went back exclaiming, "La batterie la plus effective fut ma batterie de cuisine!"

Passing out of the South Port by the gate and walls built by Charles V, we get into the Alameda or Esplanade, which from a burning desert General Don converted in 1814 into a delightful garden. Here the band plays and the ladies assemble. This part of the fortress has been lately much strengthened, and can defy attacks from armed steamers. A very formidable work, called the Victoria Battery, has been sunk on the glacis. Prince Albert's, and the Snake in the Grass, are also very formidable, the first extending from the Orange to the King's, the other in an irregular zigzag. In the upper regions are the gardens and Ragged Staff Stairs and Jumping Battery, where, before the new works were erected, the weakest point existed, and where gallant Rooke landed. Ascending Scud Hill, with Windmill Hill above it, the New Mole and the Dockyard below, is the shelving bay of Rosia; near which is the Naval Hospital, situate in the healthiest and coolest position on the rock. Water, excepting from artificial tanks (the most reputed amongst which are those left by the Moors), is scarce; but provisions are abundant and cheap, owing to the circumstance of there being no duty levied.

The galleries and heights are the most astounding illustrations of the science and cunning of Art blended with Nature's contributions. We first ascend to the castle erected by Abu Abdul Hafez in 725. The "Torre Mocha" is riddled with shot marks, and near this the galleries are entered, which are tunnelled in tiers along the north front. These batteries are *not* a show of terror more than reality, as some suppose, though it is fearful even for the mind to grasp at the intense and deafening sensation these subterranean forts must create upon those whose duty it is to attend to them. At the extremity are magnificent saloons: that of Lord Cornwallis and the Hall of St. George, where the immortal Nelson was feasted. Nelson dearly loved the Rock, and in proof thereof wished that half the town might be burnt down, to make room for better and more salubrious edifices. Next we pass into "Willis' Battery:" the flats which overhang the precipice were once called "The Wolf's Leap." Now we ascend to the "Rock Gun," placed on the north of the three points. The signal post is central. Here the preparations for firing the evening gun warn us to be off, and get on board before the gates are closed.

Truly has it been said that Gibraltar is a bright pearl in the Ocean Queen's Crown. In the words of Edmund Burke, it is "a post of power, a post of superiority, of connection, of commerce." Tremendous bastions have been erected at Europa Point, Ragged Staff, and near the Alameda. And what makes me proud as I write is to know that whilst Gibraltar is a scourge to intriguers and enemies, charity finds herself a home on its once barren rocks; and Jew, Christian, or Gentile—the refugees from Morocco—have found a good Samaritan in the present governor. Yet it is best that strangers should be scarce.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WESTERN CIRCUIT.

MANY things—railways especially—have materially changed the Circuit since I first joined it. Then we assembled usually in nearly our full number, at Winchester, and continued together till the close in Somersetshire. Our number somewhat diminished in Cornwall. The facilities which railways afford make the attendance somewhat less regular, and in consequence the moral influence of the body on its members is much diminished. We met usually in high spirits, and there was much excitement on the whole round. Those who were in full business were not the least merry or regular at the Circuit Mess. There were the aspirants, men who were beginning to rise into notice—full of hope and interest. There were the very young men—young at least according to legal calculation, for whom the novelty of the life and the business in court were in themselves a continual treat; who found in watching the proceedings, or the displays of eloquence and skill in the leaders, or of learning in the juniors, both instruction and amusement—to whom the mere novelty and strangeness of the

whole scene around them were pleasure enough. True, there were necessarily some few who were growing old in heartless disappointment—some whose hearts were sick with hopes again and again deferred; and when to this was added—as was sometimes the case—the thought of a wife and children at home, dependent upon the husband's success in his profession—or the pressure of means so scanty, that the candidate might soon be compelled to abandon the struggle altogether from inability to meet its expenses, it cannot be denied that there were elements of sadness to qualify the apparent general light-heartedness of our body. But it must be said that trials such as these—among the severest, perhaps, to which men can be exposed—were in general gallantly borne; and the feelings of disappointment, anxiety, or distress so nobly concealed, that to the many they were unknown. The few sympathised with the sufferers, and rendered whatever comfort, kindness, and encouragement could afford; and not a little was done by the successful men in this way, as opportunity afforded.

Our circuit, in respect of the country we travelled over, was very interesting. Besides the character of the towns themselves, and the beauty of the direct routes from place to place, at every point there were off-lying objects and places to which we wandered as time and leisure allowed, in small parties. The Isle of Wight, Weymouth, Lyme, Sidmouth, and Exmouth; Plymouth by one route into Cornwall, or the Moor and Tavistock by another—the north coast of the two counties—the Quantock and Cheddar; all these, in turn, a circuiter might hope to visit in the course of this or that circuit. I have alluded to the expense. This was certainly to not a few a serious inconvenience. Indeed, it was not untruly considered that the whole body of circuiters spent in the several counties more money than was received in them.

"Our circuit" was a somewhat stately affair. The judges did not post, but travelled with sober haste, drawn by their own four-in-hand. The barristers posted or rode. It was an understood rule not to travel from place to place in any public conveyance. The "leaders" always had their private carriages, and some of them their saddle horses also. Our mess was rather an expensive one, and we had our own cellar of wine at each circuit town. This was under the care of our "wine treasurer," and a van, with four horses, attended us, under the superintendence of our baggage master. These were our two circuit officers; two of our own number, upon whose arrangements we depended much for our comforts, and to whom we looked on our "grand day," which we always kept at Dorchester, not merely for an account of their own departments, but also for the formal introduction of new members, and an account, generally given with much point and humour, of preferments, promotions, marriage, and any other incidents which might have befallen any of the members since the last circuit—"offences" these, as we called them, always expiated by contributions to the "wine fund." The leader of the circuit was the barrister highest in rank. He was expected to

* For other papers on Gibraltar, with views, see Nos. 152, 303, 309.

be a frequent attendant at the mess. To him application was first made in disputed points of professional etiquette, and he was expected to watch over the interests, character, and conduct of the circuit. Graver cases were reserved for the consideration of the whole body; our law was unwritten, and our decisions were neither recorded nor reported, but obeyed on peril of expulsion from the mess.

The judges, I have said, travelled with their own four horses. I may mention also as a little circumstance now passing into oblivion, that they travelled with their own "four wigs also:" the brown scratch for the morning when not in court; the powdered dress-wig for dinner; the tye-wig with the black coil, when sitting on the civil side of the court; the full bottomed one, which was never omitted, for the crown side. Those were days, you know, when gentlemen in common life wore coats of every colour; but we always dined with the judges in black. Some judges, indeed, were strict in their notions as to the dress of the bar at other times. I remember once, when a party of us halted at Blandford for luncheon, on our way from Salisbury to Dorchester, at the same inn at which their lordships were resting for the same purpose. We strolled out while our repast was being prepared, and met them. One of our number had a black silk handkerchief round his neck, and a blue cloth cap with a gold-lace band on his head. We observed that one of the judges drew up at this. It chanced that, a few minutes after, a recruiting party marched down the street with drum and fife, and at our luncheon the butler appeared with a demure face to say, with his lordship's compliments to the gentlemen of the bar, that as some of them seemed to have a military turn, he sent to say that there was a recruiting party in the town, and they might like, perhaps, to take the opportunity of enlisting.—*The Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge.*

PRINCE METTERNICH.

THE appearance of a Metternich as the representative of Austria at the Congress of Paris carries the mind back to the Congress of Vienna, where the Allied Powers, under the presidency of the old Metternich, revised the map of Europe, and decreed the extinction of the Buonaparte dynasty. Metternich, the father, just lived to see Napoleon *redivivus* in Italy once more, renewing, as it were, that war with Austria which first brought his own talents into notice, and opened to him the illustrious career which closed, if not in disgrace, in profound humiliation. He survived himself, we may almost say, only to see all his schemes reversed. "What you build, I will destroy; what you plant, I will pluck up." Such might be the epitaph on many a great man's tomb.

"Après moi le déluge," said Prince Metternich, a few years before the revolutionary deluge of 1848 swept over Austria, and cast him a banished exile on the shores of England. In this saying, as in one or two remarkable acts of his life, he showed that he was gifted with a very keen foresight of

future events. Yet partly, perhaps, from the selfish consideration expressed in the words "après moi," he was throughout his whole career the very incarnation of the principle of immobility. He has been often, nevertheless, compared to Talleyrand; but, except that both these celebrated men were endowed with extraordinary diplomatic ability, there was at least no outside likeness—rather a complete contrast—between them. The Voltairian ex-priest could assume every shape, adopt every party, serve every dynasty, and accommodate himself with surprising readiness and aptitude to every change. But Metternich never changed; he served the same cause, and devoted himself invariably to the promotion of the same interests, as he conceived them, of his country. There was, in fact, as much uniformity of purpose in the life of the German as there was versatility in that of the French statesman; yet the narrow consistent inflexibility of the one, and the unprincipled flexibility of the other, had perhaps this resemblance—they may have arisen out of the same time-serving motives.

Metternich was born at Coblenz, in May, 1773. At his death, last year, he had thus completed his eighty-sixth year. The Metternich family was originally from the banks of the Rhine. They were at first baronial, and had even then the right of a seat in the imperial Diets. They were afterwards made counts, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the family gave to the empire three electors, two of Mayence and one of Trèves. The father of the prince lately deceased was Envoy Extraordinary at the electoral courts of the Rhine, and fulfilled other important missions.

Of the early youth of his renowned son, we only know that he was a fellow-student with Benjamin Constant, at a college of Strasbourg, and that a friendship sprung up between the two young men, which their opposite careers and still more opposite characters never afterwards interrupted. Young Metternich was introduced into public life as a master of ceremonies at the Imperial Court of Vienna. At the age of twenty-one, he was appointed ambassador at the Hague. Holland, however, being conquered by France, he did not fill that post, but became representative of Austria at Dresden, and afterwards at Berlin. He took a leading part in all the most important events of that period. It was principally owing to him that Prussia was induced to join the League, in 1805, with Russia, England, Sweden, and Austria against France. The campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz followed; and almost immediately afterwards Metternich rose to that conspicuous eminence which he retained, with ever increasing power, for nearly half a century.

In 1806 he was appointed Ambassador to the court of Napoleon, and, taking his stand as a diplomatist by the side of the French emperor and of Talleyrand, was found at once, under circumstances the most unfavourable to the interests he represented, to be of no inferior stature.

"You are very young," Napoleon said to him on his first presentation, "to represent one of the oldest houses of Europe."

"Your Majesty was hardly my age," was the happy reply, "at the battle of Austerlitz."

The young envoy had a most difficult mission to fulfil, and he effectually fulfilled it, by lulling to sleep the suspicions of the French emperor, till Austria, profiting by the reaction that was taking place in Germany against France, had completed her preparations for war, which, as soon as Napoleon got seriously engaged in the Spanish struggle, was declared, and Bavaria invaded (1809). This disagreeable surprise brought upon Metternich one of those vulgar outbursts of anger with which the despot of the Tuileries was accustomed, when his will was frustrated, to assail the representatives at his court of the crowned heads of Europe. He for some time refused the Austrian ambassador his passports, and at last sent him ignominiously under an escort to the Imperial camp at Komorn, just before the battle of Wagram.

On the retirement of Count Stadion at this time from the Austrian ministry of foreign affairs, Metternich became his successor. His first great object in his new post was to establish an honourable peace between France and Austria. The intimacy between Napoleon and the Emperor of Russia naturally alarmed him; and there can be no doubt that the former, now at the climax of his fortune, was determined to impose on Austria terms as humiliating and crushing as those he after the battle of Jena dictated to Prussia. The marriage of the greatest conqueror of modern times with that most inane and contemptible of women, the Archduchess Marie Louise, averted this calamity. Profiting by the *parvenu* vanity of Napoleon to ally himself with one of the most ancient imperial houses of Europe, Metternich negotiated this marriage with great zeal and skill. He had much opposition to overcome at the court of Vienna, especially on the part of the Empress; and his success, although powerfully aided by the wretched ambition of Napoleon, was for the moment a great diplomatic victory. It left Austria, after all her defeats, almost as formidable a power as she had been before she sustained them. Metternich himself conducted the new Empress to Paris.

We pass over here, as too well known to be even alluded to, the great events which followed, up to the year 1813, but must just remark, that so powerfully did the policy all along recommended and pursued by Metternich contribute to the final recovery of Europe from the oppression of French conquest, that the victory of the Allies at Leipsic was deemed the fittest occasion to recognise and reward his eminent services. He was consequently, immediately after that battle, created Hereditary Prince of the Austrian Empire. But a still more unequivocal recognition of his superior merit is to be found in the fact that he was unanimously chosen as President of the Congress of Vienna, which assembled in 1814 and 1815. As Austria was at this time very far from being entitled to any precedency, this election could only have sprung from the conviction that the prince, among all the assembled diplomats of Europe, was without question the fittest to fill that arduous post. At the congresses which followed, of Verona, of Aix-la-Chapelle, of Laybach,

and Carlsbad, etc., the same honour was conferred on him. In the year 1821 he was named Chancellor of State.

We may here observe, as a remarkable trait of his political wisdom, that, though representing Austrian interests, he acquiesced at once, at the Congress of Vienna, in the renunciation, on the part of Austria, of all claims on Belgium and on those provinces of the Low Countries which she had held for so many centuries before the revolutionary wars plucked them out of her hand. He concurred fully in the noble project of uniting Belgium and Holland into one powerful kingdom, which, had the union endured, would have built up a mighty barrier against the aggressive ambition of France, and have secured more effectually than any other result of the final triumph obtained over Napoleon, the balance of power among European States. The prince manifested too much foresight, in his vehement disapproval of the policy which wrested Greece from Ottoman rule. He foresaw, as time has proved, that Russia would be the only gainer by the creation of a petty Greek kingdom, quite incompetent to defend itself, and forming only a nest and hot-bed of Russian influence and intrigue in the East.

From 1815 to 1848, Metternich exercised absolute rule over the Austrian Empire. Under the two reigns of Francis and Ferdinand, his power remained unabated. At his death, Francis recommended his successor, both verbally and in writing, to do nothing without the advice and concurrence of the chancellor. Yet the prince took care to disguise his supremacy from his sovereigns. He made it appear to them that he was merely their humble servant—that they ruled as well as reigned; and was accustomed to tell those with whom he familiarly conversed, that the emperor had a decided will of his own, which he dared not oppose.

In his principles of government, this modern Wolsey, in all but personal pride, was dreadfully consistent. He acted throughout as if in as much dread of revolution as he might justly have been at the beginning of his career, when propagandist French armies, flushed with victory, received their inspiration from the Jacobin clubs and committees of Paris. He did, no doubt, foresee great changes brooding over the future, but he could not or would not foresee any possible good to arise out of them. He anticipated them as positively and purely evil. Hence, suppression and repression, in their utmost rigour, formed the rule of his administration; and in Lombardy and Galicia especially, this rule was carried out to the most oppressive and crushing excess. Nevertheless, he was not a cruel man. During the long period in which he enjoyed absolute authority, no Austrian subject suffered capital punishment for any political offence. Mrs. Trollope, in her work called "Austria and the Austrians," has, in relating an interview she had with the prince, given as fair and favourable a description of the narrow and slavish morality on which his system of governing was based, as it will bear.

"Our policy," said the prince, "is to extend all possible material happiness to the whole population,

to leave them nothing to desire in that way, to administer the laws *patriarchally*, to prevent their tranquillity from being disturbed, and to maintain the national happiness as it at present exists. Is it not delightful to see these people looking so contented," continued he, turning round to the next window, and pointing to the groups walking on the terrace of the Volks Garten, immediately before his palace, "so much in possession of what makes them comfortable—so well fed, so well clad, so quiet, so religiously observant of order?" Mrs. Trollope adds: "He thinks that the people ought to have no political rights, but that an absolute government should exercise its power paternally, considering its subjects as children who should be cherished with affection, but who must obey without disputing the authority of the parent."

Veillot, the editor of the "Univers," has published, since the death of the prince, some conversations he pretends to have had with him; but they bear the marks of being entirely apocryphal. One story, however, told by M. Veillot, if not true, has at least point enough in it to be amusing.

When the pope was prisoner at Savona, Napoleon proposed to Metternich the project of establishing his holiness in the vicinity of Paris, of giving him a palace, a college of cardinals, a neutral territory of considerable circumference, and a revenue of 6,000,000 of francs. The ambassador looked astonished at this communication, and offered many arguments against the scheme; but finding they took no effect, he said, feigning much reluctance to speak, that he was afraid he was guilty of much indiscretion in revealing a state secret, but that he must tell his Majesty that the emperor his master had made a similar proposition to the holy father: that he had offered him the imperial palace of Schönbrunn as the seat of the Holy See, with a large district around it, and a revenue of 12,000,000 dollars; and that the offer had been rejected. Napoleon saw at once that this great state secret was a mere fable got up for the occasion; but he saw in it, too, the absurdity of his own design, which he spoke of no more, and dropped.

One amusing scrap of *Metternichiana* happens to be known to the writer of this paper. The Princess Metternich had at one time a fancy for collecting for her album the autographs of celebrated characters. After she had made a very ample collection, it occurred to her that among authors she had no autograph of any French journalist, and the ambassador at Paris was requested to procure her one. Thereupon his Excellency sent a very polite invitation to dinner to Jules Janin, and in the course of conversation after the dinner, mentioned the princess's fancy to his guest. Jules Janin immediately took the hint, and, calling for a sheet of note paper, wrote with prompt wit, in the convivial spirit of the moment, "Received of Prince Metternich, twenty-five bottles of Johannisberg, first quality. Jules Janin." This he handed to the ambassador, who laughed heartily, and assured him that the wine, the costliest of Rhine growth, which takes its name from one of the prince's estates, should be sent him. In the course of a little more than a week, the twenty-five bottles arrived at the feuille-

tonist's apartments, with the princess's compliments and thanks.

The revolution of 1848, as is well known, terminated the political career of the illustrious subject of this notice. The tenacity with which he clung to power to the last moment, showed indeed that he had become childishly unfit to retain it. Whilst the populace were in insurrection in the streets, clamouring for his dismissal, every effort was made, for four long hours, to persuade him to resign, in vain. At last the Archduke Francis quitted the room, where he had been closeted with Metternich, and announced to the crowd assembled in another apartment the resignation of the chancellor. But the prince followed him, and, hearing the announcement, exclaimed, "I will not resign." The archduke merely repeated the words he had just uttered; and he whose will had been the law of the empire for thirty-three years, was a few days afterwards sent under the custody of an escort, as a state criminal, out of the Austrian dominions, to find refuge in this country. He was permitted to return to his château of Reinberg in 1850, where he passed the remnant of his life in entire obscurity.

Prince Metternich was married three times. By his first marriage he had two daughters; by his second a son, Richard, born 1829, the inheritor of his title, (the Austrian Plenipotentiary, now at Paris,) and by the third, a son, Paul, and a daughter. His wealth was very great. Besides the dukedom of Portella, conferred upon him by the King of the two Sicilies, with a revenue of 60,000 Neapolitan ducats, and the salaries attached to the official posts he filled, he has left to his heir, and to his family, large possessions in Bohemia, in Moravia, and on the Rhine, including the château and estate of Johannisberg. The prince was decorated with all the orders of Europe, except that of the garter. His only English honour was a doctor's degree bestowed upon him by Oxford, in 1814, when he visited England with the allied sovereigns.

A SHIP ON FIRE.

A SAD CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT SEA.

CHRISTMAS day of '56 I spent in Sydney Harbour. It was glorious summer weather, the sun shedding down tropical heat; and strange was the feeling of a Christmas so different from the wintry scenes which mark the festive period in our own dear land. Englishmen will not, however, forget old customs, wherever in the wide world their lot may be cast. We sat down to the national sirloin, and to a plum-pudding, such as it was. The evening was passed in cheerful but not boisterous festivity. In that far-off land the heart could not help turning to home and the loved ones there, nor were deeper thoughts absent about subjects that ought to be ever recalled by the season. Whether our captain observed the subdued spirit that prevailed, or whether it was merely the irrepressible feeling in his own mind, he proposed to tell us the true story of a fearful Christmas night he once spent at sea. I have never heard or seen another account of what he narrated, but I give the captain's story

as nearly as I can recollect it, although it must lose much of the graphic interest which riveted every one who heard it from his own lips.

"Twenty years ago, this Christmas night, the 'Ocean Bride,' one of the most stately Indiamen that ever glided under canvas, stood well up with a good breeze for the English coast. We had been absent two years from England, and were sailing from Madras, with a valuable cargo and full complement of passengers. We made our passage round the stormy Cape of Good Hope, with fair weather and 'good heels,' the 'Ocean Bride' preserving her character as a fast sailer. St. Helena touched at, the Cape de Verdes sighted and soon dropped astern, with the trade winds filling out our canvas, we made a good run to the Western Islands. On the second night after sighting the Azores, I had the first watch; and whilst four bells were being struck, the man on the look-out for'ard reported a strong light on the weather bow. Fixing my gaze in that direction, through the dense gloom of night, I could discern the reflection cast upon the horizon from a vast volume of flame. Our captain, on reaching the deck, no sooner cast his experienced eye across the waters, than he ordered the ship to be brought up some points, with the intention of bearing down upon what he at once pronounced to be a burning vessel.

"As the 'Ocean Bride' ploughed her course rapidly through the waves, leaving a silvery track far astern, and throwing the foam and spray off her bows, we neared the burning ship. I had been through many dangers, and experienced great perils during my career as a sailor, but till then I had never witnessed the grand and awful sight of a blazing ship at sea; and the remembrance of it, as it burst upon me that dark night in the wild Atlantic, will never be effaced. The unbroken silence, and intense gaze fixed by all upon the burning ship, told of the deep and painful anxiety felt for those on board. Our helmsman seemed invested by the occasion with unwonted energy, as he kept the head of the 'Ocean Bride' steadily on her life-saving errand. Her head had been brought up into the wind's eye, whereby the flames were kept abaft her mainmast. When we had reached within two knots of her, the flames had seized her mizen-mast and sails; and the cries of her people lying out on the bowsprit and jib-boom, and crowding her fore-castle-deck, reached our ears, and aroused in the heart of every individual a generous desire to afford assistance.

"Our captain determined to lay his ship to, as it would have been too great a hazard to approach nearer to the burning craft. He then ordered the life-boat to be launched and manned by volunteers; and the energy and emulation with which this appeal was responded to filled me with admiration and strong hope, for I had requested and received the command of these gallant fellows on their difficult and dangerous task.

"With loud cheers from those assembled on deck, our boat left the ship's side, and shot wildly over hugo seas, impelled by the arms of men inspired with vast strength by the awful scene before us. The main-mast and sails were now covered

with flame, and fierce tongues of fire darted along the spars and cordage, and twined themselves around masts and shrouds. When we had gained her within half a knot, we were thus hailed, 'Boat ahoy, there! people from the burning ship!'

"'Are you all safe?' I inquired, as the crew of the life-boat, wearied by the immense efforts they had been making, rested their oars. 'Not by many,' was the excited answer; and every oar was again immediately madly dividing the waters, urged on by the 'God speed you' of the crowded company in the boat near us.

"Reaching the side of the burning ship, my soul sickened to behold groups of frantic creatures clinging with tenacious grasp to the fore-shrouds, chains, and every spar affording shelter from the fierce element. The loud and spontaneous cry of thanksgiving with which they rent the air as we ran our boat under the bows, almost unmanned me; for I knew that to many of that eager company, hailing us as the ark of their deliverance, we should be unable to render assistance.

"It was heart-rending to be compelled to deny succour to these perishing creatures. Yet, such was the fierce impetuosity with which they sought to rush into the fore-chains, and cast themselves headlong into our boat, that the danger of our own destruction became imminent, and I ordered her to be cast off, demanding if there were no men yet remaining on board the burning vessel, from whose hearts their own fears had not driven out all remembrance of women and children!

"My appeal was not without avail. An old man, bare-headed, with long streaming white hair, stepped into the chains, and, whilst explaining to the bewildered wretches, that they would bring instant destruction upon themselves and the brave men who had nobly come out to save them, if all demanded refuge in the boat at once, he assured them that the fore part of the ship would preserve them uninjured till such time as the boat could return. He exhorted them to maintain discipline, and said that they must meet their fate as brave men should; for himself, he should remain by the ship whilst a plank of her stood sound, and he hoped no man would be so lost to the defenceless condition of women and children as to insist upon his own preservation before theirs. Calm and undaunted that brave old man stood in the fore-chains, lowering weeping women and children into our boat as the waves cast her alongside. The men, stung perhaps by the taunt of their previous selfishness, in abandoning these weak and helpless ones to their fate, were now as assiduous in exertions for their deliverance as they had hitherto been clamorous for their own.

"At length, with a full freight of these precious lives, we pushed away from the burning ship, followed by the supplications of those we had left behind. Reaching the welcome side of the 'Ocean Bride,' oh! what thanks were offered up for their deliverance, as children and parents embraced who had lately wept each other as lost; and oh! what words of devotion and gratitude were then poured out to God and their deliverers!

"The boat belonging to the burning ship, which

was named the 'Highland Mary,' had by this time returned; and again we pushed off, hoping by our united efforts to save the remaining portion of her company, when a loud explosion, and a fierce flash of vast volume, belching out across the ocean, told us that her magazine had taken fire. She was now a body of flame, fore and aft; and looking upon her, we shuddered to think of the horrid fate of those sharing her destruction.

"The wind had freshened considerably, and a heavy sea was running; but as we were now carrying sail, (which, through some mismanagement, had been stowed away, and compelled us to trust to the strong arms of brave men upon our first venture,) we soon made our passage to the burning vessel. As our gallant boat darted across the big billows, her quarter grazed sharply against some obstacle, and a voice crying out as from the depths, implored succour. Putting about quickly, we came alongside a piece of timber, upon which a seaman had taken shelter. He was sadly burned and exhausted, but was able to tell us that the boat of the 'Highland Mary' had returned to her; when those remaining on board, in spite of the captain's supplications that discipline might be preserved, maddened by the horror of their position, as the angry tongues of fire disputed with them, inch by inch, their places of safety, and rendered reckless by despair, had cast themselves, a frantic heap, into the boat, and swamped her as she lay alongside! They had all perished! He had remained to the last by the captain, until the flames drove them, bit by bit, from where they stood, when he cast himself overboard, and gained the timber from which we had rescued him. He believed the captain to be still alive, and on board. The thought of that old man perishing thus, who had so bravely sent away the weak and helpless, sternly refusing to save himself until he had witnessed all safely from the ship, brought tears into my eyes; and, rapidly as we were speeding on our way, I felt the moments to be hours of agony and suspense, until we were again alongside the burning ship; when, scanning eagerly every part that might yet afford shelter to a human creature, driven under such desperate circumstances to seek it, I saw the form of a man clinging around the fore-top-gallant-mast. How he got there it was impossible to tell, for the royal-mast was in flames, which, I imagine, must have been fired by the burning main-royal; the fore-mast, too, from the deck upwards, was surrounded by fire, which covered the entire fore-castle, bowsprit, and jib-boom.

"The fore-yard was still standing, and the quick ingenuity of one of our crew suggested that a man reaching it from the boat, by flinging a rope over it, might cast another to the perishing man, who, if he succeeded in securing it around the mast, could glide down as we taughtened the rope at a distance. It was the only hope we had of saving him.

"We accordingly hailed him, and in the answering voice borne across the waters, we recognised that of him who, standing in the fore-chains, had so calmly exhorted the distracted people to submission. Amidst the howling of winds, the fierce

roar of flames, and the loud breaking of heavy seas against the ship's side, the voice of that devoted man fell upon us: 'My brave lads, I thank you; but you're too late; I must shortly die from my agonies, for my limbs are scorched and stiff, and I cannot loosen them from the mast. Whenever you hear the fate of the "Highland Mary" spoken of, remember one man, who was never unmindful of his duty.'

"A loud crash of breaking timber; a column of sparks shooting high into the gloomy night; a pillar of fire, darting with furious rapidity towards the heavens; tongues of flame, leaping out of the 'tween-deck ports, and showing everywhere—nothing to be seen but fire, and sparks, and clouds of smoke! The fore-mast had gone by the board, and with it, the brave man clinging to it was dashed into the gaping crater beneath.

"For some time we hovered around the burning ship, in the hope of yet picking up some of her ill-fated people, who might be safe upon the floating timbers; but after a weary search, and many times pulling down to where, in the pauses of the gale, we imagined ourselves hailed by voices of despair, we returned to the 'Ocean Bride.' The glare cast over the ocean suddenly disappeared, and darkness covered the face of the great waters. We lay by all night, and at daylight, immense quantities of blackened spars and burnt timbers were cast up on the heads of great seas, the sole vestiges of the gallant ship so lately pursuing her course in all the strength and beauty with which human ingenuity could endow her. Out of a company, numbering, all conditions, one hundred and eighty, only seventy-three remained in safety upon the decks of the 'Ocean Bride.' One hundred and seven people, that Christmas night, slept in the graves of the deep!

"And now I hope that all of you following the sea, and exposed to its dangers, would do as we of the 'Ocean Bride' did that sad Christmas night. Speaking of it, my heart grows kinder to the troubled and the wretched, and my sympathies extend to all perishing by land or by water. Let us, then, in closing the festivities of this day, drink in solemn silence to the memory of a brave man, who that Christmas night, in the wild Atlantic, met his fate like a sailor, and perished with the 'Highland Mary.'"

AN IDYLL OF THE GREAT KING.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Who says that fictions only and false hair
Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good structure in a winding stair?
May no lines pass, except they do their duty
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
Must all be veil'd, while he that reads, divines,
Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing:
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for prime:
I envy no man's nightingale or spring;
Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
Who plainly say, My God, my King.

VARIETIES.

MAN AMONG THE MAMMOTHS.—Recent discoveries show how near to the existence of man on earth those huge creatures lived; the vegetation of their time being such as we are acquainted with. He did not by any means suggest that they were contemporaneous with man, and they must disabuse their minds of the opinion that anything said or published by geologists was calculated to destroy any rational belief. They did not and could not assert—because they had no evidence—that man lived 15,000 or 20,000 years ago; but they produced evidence to show that those creatures lived nearer to our own time than had been supposed—whether at the exact chronology of 6000 years, or thereby, is a matter of indifference.—*Major-General Portlock, at the British Association at Aberdeen.*

THE GIANTS IN GUILDHALL.—For the information of those who, like myself, "deal in dimensions," it may be of interest to many who gazed on the warlike aspect of the giants, keeping, as it were, a body-guard tutelage over the festivities of Lord Mayor's Day, to know that Gogmagog is in height fourteen feet; round the body he measures twelve feet; the length of his arm is seven feet, and of his leg and thigh five feet; the calf of his leg is forty-two inches in compass, and his wrist twenty-four inches; his middle finger is sixteen inches, his great toe twelve, and his nose twelve inches long. In his right hand he holds a staff seventeen feet long, with a ball at the end, and at his left side he has a sword six feet six inches long, and a bow with quiver of arrows at his back.—*City Press.*

THE SOLAN GOOSE SENTINEL.—The fowler creeps stealthily over the rocks, and gradually draws nearer towards them, whilst no alarm note is given. And it would appear that the success of the fowler depends very much upon his familiarity with their notes. When free from all suspicion, and unconscious of danger, the note of the solan goose is "grog! grog!" and so long as the fowler hears no other note, he is assured the birds are not suspecting him; but if he hears their watchword—"birr! birr!"—he instantly desists, and remains as quiet and motionless as possible; because he knows it is the warning-note of the sentinel, which, in that one sound, informs all its companions of the suspected approach of an enemy. Generally, after lying still a few minutes, the words of assurance, "grog! grog!" are repeated; and then the fowler resumes his movements.

POPISH POLYTHEISM.—One day two processions of the host, or consecrated bread, issued at the same moment from churches on the opposite sides of the street, as a man of some weight by his station and learning, hated by the Catholics as an obstinate and able leader of the Huguenots, came by. The fearless reformer kept his upright position, with his hat on his head. The leader of one of the processions, a violent and persecuting priest, approached him fiercely, and said, "Impious man, why dost thou not fall down and worship thy Creator, the God whom we carry?" The Huguenot looked for a moment at the priest, and at the two processions, and then deliberately inquired, "Which of the two?" The priest was utterly confounded by this unexpected question, and rejoined his procession without replying.

THE ROYAL CHARTER.—Were I a painter, there is no scene which, since my abandonment of Arctic adventure, has come under my personal observation, that I should more earnestly attempt to place upon canvas than the poop deck of the "Royal Charter," with the immediate elements for a picture without, during the height of the hurricane. First, in the afterpart of the ship, looking upward, we should have the mizen mast of the ship denuded of all sail, with the cordage swelling out forward under the force of the wind—then the ship herself cast into an oblique heel towards the port side, the stem raised high by a mountain-like wave—then the living pictures

at the helm—the attending officer and the directing captain standing sideways, in the foreground of all; then externally the assailing mountain-like wave, following close on the starboard quarter, and giving the direction and angle to the ship's inclined position, yet threatening, as many such waves do, to overwhelm the ship in mightiness of waters; then the atmospheric part of the picture, the mistiness of the storm-drift—the sun throwing a lurid glare through an aperture in the dense masses of cloud flying above—eliciting in the sea-spray of some immediate breaking crest a striking and brilliant segment of a prismatic arch; and finally, beyond this, astern, or on the left hand of the picture above, an approaching squall shower, thrown by the contrast of the penetrating sunbeams, into the aspect of consummate threatening and blackness.—*Dr. Scoresby's "Voyage to Australia."*

"GOOD OLD TIMES!"—The late Mr. Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," had been involved in a regular drinking party. He was keeping as free from the usual excesses as he was able, and as he marked companions around him falling victims to the power of drink, his attention was called to a small pair of hands working at his throat; on asking what it was, a voice replied, "Sir, I'm the lad that's to loose the neckcloths." Here, then, was a family in which, on drinking occasions, it was the appointed duty of one of the household to attend, and when the guests were becoming helpless, to untie their cravats, in fear of apoplexy or suffocation.—*Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character."*

GENERAL NICHOLSON.—As we stopped to change horses, the General sent out to us to take one of his officers on to Umballa; and, as my companion knew him, I went with him to the tent, and, for the first time, met this remarkable man. Imagine a man six feet two inches high, and powerfully made in proportion, with a massive-looking head and face, short curly grey hair, and long black beard—the expression stern and quick, according well with the deep voice and abrupt speech, but full of animation, and with a very pleasant smile. The whole face and figure showed a man of iron constitution, indomitable energy and resolution, great self-reliance, and born to command; and I could quite understand the extraordinary influence he possessed over all who came in contact with him, in spite of a *hauteur* of manner and a certain want of tact, which often gave offence to men who did not know the sterling qualities of his character.—*Medley's Indian Campaign.*

FOX AND DUNDAS.—On Thursday night, the 18th of December, Mr. Fox was dismissed from office. On the following day (the 19th), Mr. Pitt was made First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Upon the same day the House of Commons met. At three o'clock Lord North entered the House and took his seat on the Opposition Bench. Mr. Fox, who soon followed, finding Mr. Dundas on the same bench, jocularly took him by the arm, saying, "What business have you on this? go over to the Treasury Bench." This incident raising a laugh, in which both parties heartily joined, was a good-humoured prelude to one of the most violent party contests of modern times.—*Lord J. Russell's "Life of Fox."*

A PRAYER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.—O Thou who art the way, the truth, and the life; in whom there is no darkness, error, vanity, nor death; the light, without which there is darkness; the way, without which there is wandering; the truth, without which there is error; the life, without which there is death: say, Lord, Let there be light, and I shall see light, and eschew darkness; I shall see the way and avoid wandering; I shall see the truth, and shun error; I shall see life, and escape death. O illuminate my blind soul, which sitteth in darkness and the shadow of death, and direct my feet in the way of peace.